

TOM THE PIPER'S SON.



Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he ran,
The pig was eat and Tom was beat,
And Tom came running down the
Yes, yes, Tom stole the pig, [street,
There is the man that made it.

LONDON. T. GOODE, 30, AYLESBURY-
STREET. CLERKENWELL.
Also, S. Goode, Melbourne, Port Phillip

CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LOS ANGELES



Now a' beginnin', an' I don't
know what we be up to now.
I said now don't bring me any big old T
books now, so we're goin' to have a
[book] like this one, and I say, if
it's from some place where it comes
from, then it's good, and if it's
from somewhere else, then it's not
good, and if it's from somewhere else,
then it's not good, and if it's from
somewhere else, then it's not good,

TOM THE PIPER'S SON.



Tom he was a piper's son,
He learned to play when he
was young,
All the tunes that he could
play
Was over the hills and far
away.



Now Tom after this learned
to play with such skill,
That whoever heard him
could never stand still.
As soon as he play'd they
began for to dance,
Even pigs on their hind legs
Would after him prance.



He met with old dame Trot
With a basket of eggs,
He used his pipe and she
used her legs.
She danced about till her
eggs were all broke,
Then he left her to fret
While he laugh'd at the joke.



Tom saw a cross fellow who
 was beating an ass,
Heavy laden with pots,
 pans, dishes and glass.
He played them a jig and
 they danc'd to the tune
And the Jack asses loau,
 Was lightened full soon.



Once a dog got a sow fast
by the ear,
The sow squall'd out mur-
der and Tom being near
He play'd them a tune and
they did not dance bad.
Considering the little caper-
ing they had.



Tom met with a parson in a
sad dirty place,
When he made him to dance
he had so little grace,
He danced in the dirt till he
danced in the ditch,
Where he left him in mud
quite up to his britch.



Some little time after Tom
slept in some hay,
The very same parson was
passing that way.
He took poor Tom's pipe
and bid him prepare
To answer his crimes before
the Lord Mayor



To the Lord Mayor he took
him, And told him Tom's art,
To make people dance with
a sorrowful heart,
Beg'd he'd send him to sea,
Where he might teach a
dance To the great Bonaparte, the
first consul of France



the Lord. Now we have
done, in the

olden time, 1711,
make good success with

the new design,
and be pleased with it.

In these the English
done,

The first picture is
first general of French